



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

singers. Standing on that theory I offer this trilogy. Upon that theory I have tried to produce something that will interest the more sophisticated colored people as art first of all. I have left out dialect in the spelling as an irrelevant matter; and I have tried to leave out stupidity in the plot as no longer essential in attempting work tropical and strictly Afro-American. V. L.

REVIEWS

MR. MASTERS' NEW BOOK

Songs and Satires, by Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan Co.

This poet has been likened to Chaucer, and it may be that in nothing does the resemblance apply more than in his exuberance. Chaucer was no pruner and whittler; if the cost of parchment and copyists did not cut down his product in the fourteenth century, the multiplicity of books would not frighten him to-day. He would pour out his soul as freely and carelessly now as then, because of the overflowing of life from deep wells within him. And his public would have to take or leave what he might choose to give them—they could not dictate.

So Mr. Masters, now that he has found his public, refuses to coddle it. If *Spoon River* was his speech to the jury in the great court-room of life, this new book is informal talking and story-swapping after the court has adjourned. The excited galleries would like to have the speech go on, but there is a time for all things: another masterpiece tomorrow

Mr. Masters' New Book

maybe—meantime let's talk about Helen of Troy, or Saint Peter, or the way God makes atoms and worlds, or Jim's rather plodding love affair, or my best beloved uncle, or any old queerness of this antic-loving planet. And talk he does—"very near singing," sometimes; and more entertainingly and with more variety than any other poet in seven counties—I mean countries.

Thus the new book is all kinds for all men—good, bad or indifferent, just as it happens. But if *Helen of Troy* is almost the worst poem which that long-suffering lady has ever had to endure, *So we Grew together*, and *Silence*, and *Simon Surnamed Peter*, and *The Cocked Hat* and *William Marion Reedy*, are fascinating, intriguing poems of beauty and passion; yes, and also, quite surprisingly, those three on legendary subjects—the two Lancelot ballads, which throw Tennyson's expurgated version into the discard by giving us the real Malory; and the finely intuitive *Saint Francis and Lady Clare*, which strips bare the impassioned soul of a nun, revealing her quaintly mediaeval, ecstatic religiosity.

Here, in short, is a big, all-round, profoundly imaginative poet. Not one of fine shades and nice selections, an exact student of his own art; but a real man and a generous lover of life, who is kindled to a singing flame by the mysterious harmonies and discords of the world. He lights up for us not only wide open spaces, but all sorts of odd tricks and dark corners; sometimes with a white fire of truth, and again, with smoky, earth-smelling, loud-crackling laughter.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And he speaks in our idiom. He is modern in our time just as Dante was in his, or Molière in his; like them at heart a haughty idealist, he also is bent upon pulling down the hollow shells of outworn systems which have thickened and darkened around the souls of men, and showing us how to build the new more democratic city toward which our steps are stumbling.

The absurdity and divinity of that morsel of dust and fire which we call a human being—what modern poet, what modern writer, expresses this with such uncanny intimacy as Mr. Masters? Was satire ever more searching than in *A Cocked Hat*—or, in a certain sense, more loving, as the best satire must be? Mr. Bryan's portrait—the majestic failure of his career—is painted for all time; and incidentally the facile ideals and weaknesses of the "typical American" are held up for his own sober second thought. And the same theme—the divinity and absurdity of man—is treated in a mood of serious sympathy in *So We Grew Together* and *All Life in a Life*, and in a mood of exaltation in *The Cry*, *The Conversation* and *The Star*.

There are those, strangely enough, who find in *Spoon River* a "shriveling of life," failing to see the fierce, white-hot idealism which vitalizes its bitter knowledge. Perhaps they may find it in this new volume. At any rate we may set down here for their benefit the book's concluding lines, from one of its most loftily beautiful poems, *The Star*. The passage is the prayer of "mad Frederick":

Give me to understand, O Star,
Your inner self, your eternal spirit,

Mr. Masters' New Book

That I may have you and not images of you,
So that I may know what has driven me through the world,
And may cure my soul.
For I know you are Eternal Love,
And I can never escape you.
And if I cannot escape you,
Then I must serve you.
And if I must serve you,
It must be to good and not ill.
You have brought me from the forest of pools
And the images of stars,
Here to the Hill's top.
Where now do I go?
And what shall I do?

H. M.

THE RADICALS

Others: an Anthology of the New Verse, edited by Alfred
Kreymborg. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

One cannot review this collection without connecting it with the magazine *Others* from which it is taken, so I may as well say that for its editor I have nothing but praise, and I believe that its most radical experiments—the works of Mina Loy, Rodker, Sanborn, etc.,—should be published. I assume that even Miss Monroe, whose editorial ideal evidently is for poems of more artistic permanence than many in this volume are, will agree with me that every lover of art, no matter what his own tastes are, should encourage the more experimental work too. Besides we have here many things for which we can only be grateful.

Pound's *Shop-girl* is lovely; the beginning is as good as some of the Chinese masterpieces he has recreated for us. In *Another Man's Wife* he has caught a delicate charm in the